

*Robert Simpson of Beithrees.*

# LIFE and DEATH

OF THE

## Piper of Kilbarchan

*The Epitaph of Habbie Simpson, Who on his Dron bore bonny Flags,  
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimson, And babed when he blew the Bags,*

**K**ilbarchan now my say alas!  
For she hath lost her game & grace  
Both Trixie and the Maiden-trace  
But what remed?  
For no Man can supply his place,  
*Hab Simpson's dead,*

Now who shall play the day it daws  
Or hunts up when the Cock he craws  
Or who can for our Kirk Town Cause,  
stand us in stead?  
On Bag-pipes now no body blaws,  
*Sen Habbie's dead,*

Or who shall cause our Shearers shear  
Who will bend up the Brags of Weir?  
Bring in the Bells or good play Meir,  
In time of need,  
*Hab Simpson* could what needs you spear  
But now he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbour neist,  
At *Beltan* and Saint *Barchans* Feast  
He blew and then held up his Breast,  
as he were weid,  
But now we need not him arrest?  
For *Habbie's* dead,

At Fairs he play'd before the Spear-men  
All gayly gaited in their Geer-men,  
Steel Bonnets, Jacks and Swords so clear  
Like any Bead. (then  
Now who will play before such Weir-men  
*Sen Habbie's* dead,

At Clark playes when he went to come  
His Pipe play'd trimly to the Drum:  
Like Bikes of bees he gart it bum  
And turn his Reed:  
Now all our Pipers my sing dum  
*Sen Habbie's* dead,

And at Horse-races many a day,  
Before the Black, the Brown and Gray  
He gart his Pipe when he did play,  
Both Skirl and Skried:

Now all such pastime's quite away  
*Sen Habbie's* dead,

He counted was a wall'd wight Man,  
And fiercely at Foot-ball he ran;  
At every Game the gree he wan,  
For pith and speed  
The like of *Habbie* was not then,  
But now he's dead,

And then beside his valiant Acts,  
At Brydels he wan many placks.  
He babbed ay behind Folks backs,  
And shook his Head,

Now we want many merry Cracks  
*Sen Habbie's* dead.

He was convoyer of the bride,  
With Kittock hanging at his side,  
About the Kirk he thought a pride  
the Ring to Lead  
But now she may go but a Guide  
For *Habbie's* dead.

So well's he kept his *Decorum*,  
And all the steps of *Whip-meg morum*,  
He slew a man and wae's me for him  
And bare the feed.

But yet the man wan Hame before him  
and was not dead,

Ay when he play'd the Lasses leugh,  
To see him toothless, old and reuch  
He wan his Pipes beside *Barcleugh*  
withoutten dread,

Which after wan him Gear enough  
But now he's dead,

Alas for him my heart is fare,  
For of his Springs I got a Share,  
At every play, Race, Feast and Fair,  
But Guile or Greed  
We need not look for piping mair,  
*Sen Habbie's* dead,

F I N I S